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VOL. 3. NO. 78.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JUNE 22,

1861.

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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J. J. Cook, publisher of the State Banner, Bennington, Vt., says he was attacked with dyspepsia, and suffered so severely from it that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used Brandreth's Pills. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes a complete cure was effected. He says:—My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished.

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THE TREASON OF TRASK.

FOR some years past, there has been a vivacious maniac flourishing in Fitchburg, Mass., under the name of TRASK. TRASK is a clergyman, more or less, but his theology is not such as is taught in the Bible or in the churches. He has a private little creed of his own, and has got the whole business of holy living and dying down to a spot, quite in opposition to the late Mr. TAYLOR.

With TRASK, the original cause of evil was tobacco. The apple that our first mother consumed, according to TRASK, must have been of the Honeydew brand. CAIN'S unacceptable burnt-offering was a pipe-full of birdseye, and DAVID'S difficulties were owing to snuff. TRASK made some money, once, by writing an anti-tobacco tract, and has been trying ever since, to make some more out of the same subject.

He says that the use of tobacco produces gout, toothache, apoplexy, consumption, hydrophobia, typhus, croup, cholera, pimples, spavin, and pip. He proves that a dog whose veins are injected with a strong decoction of tobacco, cannot live more than a week: and that prussic acid, strong, will kill a cat. Every man, we are led to believe, by the TRASK style of argument, who ever took a cigar, a chew, or a pinch, immediately dropped dead, or if he did not, ought to have done so. Further, every year that a person uses the weed is just a year off his life. Now, we do not, as a general thing, find it worth while to combat flat nonsense, but let us examine this last argument just for the fun of it.

X. began smoking at the age of fifteen, and continued the habit throughout this life, we will suppose. At twenty, then, he had lost five years. That leaves him but ten years old. At thirty he loses these ten years making him just 0. At forty he is ten years less than unborn, and so on. If TRASK is right, no tobacco-user ever lived, and all men who do not use it must live forever!

But it remained for TRASK to distinguish himself still more nimbly and sweetly.

"Treason!" shrieks he; "treason rampant and wide-spread! Tobacco comes from the South. We are at war with the South. Whoever uses tobacco gives aid and comfort to the enemy! Hang the smokers, draw the chewers, quarter the snuffers!"

O, TRASK, draw it mild. Let not your angry passions rise, till you too are purged of treason. Cotton also comes from the South, and much more exclusively than the nicotian weed. Have you not such a thing as a cotton shirt about you, most gleeful foe to sedatives? Do you invariably enjoy the sleep of the righteous between linen sheets? Are not your snowy garments deftly sewn with cotton thread! Do palmleaf hats never grace your bilious brow? Are not your voluminous and respectable neck-cloths constructed of white lawn? Beware, O, TRASK! Abjure the tepid camphene that comes from North Carolina, and let not the house-painter put turpentine in the pigments wherewith he rejuvenates your domicile. Nay, go further. Indict our Quartermasters, far and near, for the employment of Southern cotton in the shape of tents. Indict all creation, O, TRASK! The very paper whereon you write your anti-tobacco fulminations was undoubtedly made from Southern cotton; wherefore, good clergyman, go and hang yourself—but with a hempen rope. With a cotton one, you would be giving aid and comfort to the enemy. With hemp, it would be only aiding and comforting your friends.

Unpopular with Secessionists.

The Monroe Doctrine as propounded by General BUTLER.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Partisan Leader. A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy. Part 2d. New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

If the first part of this story was remarkable, the second part is a little more so. As we propose in the style of the Knickerbocker, "at a future day," to give an extended review of this work, we shall content ourselves at present by a brief quotation, as remarkable for its truth as could be expected under the circumstances. Speaking of the extra fastidiousness of the North, we learn that "even their men and women do not sit in the same pews in their churches." By this, every person can judge for themselves that the work must be as novel, as it is doubtless refreshing.

Cavalry Tactics. Printed by order of the War Department. Three Vols.

Vol. 1. *School of the Trooper, of the Platoon and of the Squadron, Dismounted.*
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Instruction for Field Artillery. Prepared by a Board of Artillery Officers.

U. S. Infantry and Rifle Tactics. Authorized and adopted by Secretary of War, May 1, 1861. *Complete in One Vol.* J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co, Philadelphia.

Our Military Editor has left us. Whether he is reposing on the "elbows of the Mincio" in the *Times* office, or busily engaged with GREELEY in teaching General SCOTT how to conduct the War, we are unable to say. But we are glad of it. Peacefully inclined at all times, fancy our feelings at being deluged with Warlike books with the thermometer up to the nineties. Imagine therefore if you can what would have been our state if the warlike one had been on hand to review these volumes. Think of the confusion and riot in our peaceful sanctum. Fancy our Military Editor, on a Columbiad—our gallant contributors rushing around in the Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics; our noble army of compositors transformed into troops of Cavalry armed *cap a pi*, and riding over us rough shod, (as they frequently now attempt to do:) our artists ponderous, fierce, and majestic, sailing in with their heavy artillery, and then last but not least, gaze on the Publisher, the small boy, and Editor going through the "Evolutions of a Regiment." But the subject becomes too complicated and vast for us, and we incontinently ground arms.

Maiden Militia.

Three female (secessionist) regiments are being formed in Tennessee. V. F. ventures to suggest that they be known as the Chemisette Chasseurs, the Crinoline Carbineers and the Calico Cadets. Let them come North if they desire a general engagement. Champions of Union aim straight at their hearts! It is of no use to shoot at their pericraniums, for everybody knows that a lady is never livelier than when she has a ball in her head.

The belle of the Season.

Bell– ona.

DESCRIPTIVE, BUT HARDLY POLITE.

Hatter.—"I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO MEASURE YOU, SPECIAL, FOR A HAT, SIR, ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR BEING SOMEWHAT PECULIAR ABOUT THE HEAD; HOSS-HEADED, IN FACT, IF I MAY SO EXPRESS IT."

New-York gone to Grass.

There is a fine picture of the melancholy desolation at present brooding over the city of New-York, in the following announcement, culled from an evening paper:

"The editor of the Louisville *Courier*, secession, has been presented by a friend, direct from New-York, with a bunch of grass that grew in the streets of this city."

Perhaps the editor of the Louisville *Courier* thinks it derogatory to the character of New York as a live city that grass should grow in its streets. But if that secessional person only knew how many thousand New-York people live in Clover, and how many thousand other New-York people live on Old Rye, he would probably retire from seceding and come up to New-York to make Hay while the sun shines.

Epigram.

BY OUR PRIVATE ÆRONAUT.

Balloons in our armies—they're better than spies,
To discover the rebels, and how the land lies,
But won't the South use them? To one fact you're blind,
They can't use balloons when they can't raise the wind!

For the National Hymn Prize Committee

A Boston paper thinks General Scott quite enough of a National Him for the crisis. On the same principle, we may remark that General Houston, if true to the Union, would have equally sufficed for a National Sam. But having lately shown a rebel inclination, we fear we must consider him rather a Common Preyer.

BIB-BIB-BEERY.

A Boston papers in commending to the good graces of the beer-drinking public a new candidate for their patronage, thus wittily enumerates his qualifications. He is

"A German by birth, but an American in feeling and loyalty. He is a man of large information, and will bring to the conduct of his new business a good character, a patriotic heart, and as his motto is "The Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws," his saloon will be a resort fit for persons of the highest respectability."

Beyond peradventure, in that "lovely bower of innocence and ease," that Eden of perennial purity known as Boston, the above is regarded as a first-rate notice. No doubt it is so: we are not inclined to question the excellence of such attributes; we have the utmost respect for "large information;" we cherish a lively pride in "a good character;" and "a patriotic heart" beats to music which stirs us like "the trumpet's thrilling tone." And yet in our quality of beer-drinker,—for we will not deny that the seductive *lager* has its charms for us, we should as willingly hear that the new purveyor would offer us the essential elements (and aliments) of wholesome beer and palatable *pretzeln*. "He is a good man, but he can't keep a hotel," is a trite maxim of palpable application; and the very sublimation of moral excellence is often lost in the uncongenial atmosphere of the kitchen and the brewery. But we are not of Boston, where moral precepts are sought in the bottom of a beer-glass, and a *mite*-y influence for good resides in *Schweitzer Kase*. Selah! (which, according to a distinguished Boston authority, signifies "Let us take a drink!")

Next and lastly: we are as strongly predisposed to patriotism as most folks; the waistcoat under which beats our manly heart is fabricated from the best army cloth at the expense of the St—— our tailor; a red, white and blue cravat circumvests our lovely neck; we use the Union hair-tonic well-shaken and carefully rubbed in; and yet we do not see the intimate connection between "The Union &c.," and "The highest respectability." Patriotism is praiseworthy; but in these glorious days it is not confined to "respectable" people. It permeates alike the "bloated aristocrat" and the not less bloated democrat; it flings its banner to the breeze from the mansions of Beacon Street, but it takes root as well in the rank soil of North Street. Wherefore, O wise judge, the *smooth* may be jostled by the *rough* even in the well-regulated saloon where "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws" is the watchword.

Take courage, oh, ye beer-bibbers! For these things are compatible: large information and lager beer; good cheese and a good character; *pretzeln* and patriotism.

HARDEE'S TACTICS MADE EASY.

The recruit will understand that, although every battalion i provided with Wings, there is no such thing as Fly-time recognised in the Federal service.

In drilling recruits without Arms, it is not necessary to give them any instructions with regard to the disposal of their Hands.

If a Colonel commanding, post your companies according to rank of Captains—having previously Posted yourself according to this edition of HARDEE'S Tactics

It is laid down that "the distance from one rank to another will be thirteen inches." This has reference, however, only to rank and file, and does not mean that a major comes within thirteen inches of being a lieutenant-colonel, or anything of that sort.

For Halting, it is not absolutely necessary that the soldier should have one leg shorter than the other.

To confound your greatest enemy, go through your course of HARDEE'S Tactics in a room immediately over the one in which he resides. Bringing your musket down to the "order," very often with a loud bang, will divert his attention from more serious pursuits and gratify your spleen.

By a careful study of the above, the recruit cannot fail of becoming a soldier—in time.

This, our edition of HARDEE, is the only correct epitome of that authority. Buy our HARDEE!—only six cents with the rest of VANITY FAIR.

CONTRABANDBOX OF WAR.

IRGINIA, soil of the amous first-family-tree, rejoices, jointly with a well-known patent coffee-pot, in the grandific title of the "Old Dominion." Which of the two originated that distinction — Virginia, or pot—we cannot undertake to say; but as the former is going very fast to the latter, we may leave them to settle that question between them; though, at present, our sympathies are with pot. Connected with this Old Dominion, there is a pleasing superstition, namely, that the flower called Chivalry is indigenous to it, growing quite familiarly by its wayside and all other sides, and shedding much odor of gallantry through the bowers that be in the land. How those old superstitions are dying out!—how the glories of that Chivalry have departed! And as for the bowers, the only one now recognised in the O. D. are the right and left bower belonging to the noble game of euchre, which, coincidentally enough, are knaves.

And that word, Knave, brings us at once to the subject of this notice, which is Governor LETCHER, of the O. D. This chivalric person has just discovered a new contraband of war. Mrs. BRADFORD, wife of a loyal officer in the Federal Navy—see the daily papers—was, on account of that loyalty obliged to depart suddenly from Norfolk, a short time since, leaving wardrobe and other personal household property behind, in her haste. On reaching Boston, this lady addressed a letter to LETCHER of the O. D., stating how she had written, in vain, to persons at Norfolk, requesting that her property might be forwarded to her. The Governor, surely, could arrange the matter by his mandate; and that was what the lady requested of him in her letter. To that letter an equivocating reply was returned, under instructions from LETCHER of the O. D., but signed by another euchre bower calling himself the Governor's A. D. C. The property, LETCHER asserted, had been confiscated; ostensibly for the use of a son of the lady who claimed it; a young man who, it appears, has unfortunately got into the clutches of the "chivalry," and gone to "secesh." But, as Mrs. BRADFORD pointedly remarks, in her scathing reply to the bandit chief of the O. D., summer muslins are not usually displayed upon the manly form; the inference to be drawn from which is, that LETCHER has reserved them for his own use. The letter addressed by Mrs. BRADFORD'S husband to the larcenious LETCHER, upbraiding him for his unmanly theft of property belonging to ladies, would have been a stinger for any more chivalric thing than a Virginia cavalier. To one such as that ignoble brigand, however, it is, like the law of the land, but a dead letter; and the campaigning of LETCHER will be sweetened to him by the reflection that "bed, blanket, towel, napkin, fork and spoon," need never be wanting to him so long as he has hands to steal them; and that he, the chief bandit of the O. D., will go down with a first-class ticket to posterity, as the man who established that crinoline was Contrabandbox of War.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. No. 2.

FROM A YOUNG LADY RESIDING NEAR MADISON SQUARE.

DEAR VANITY:—Did you *ever* know such energy! Shopping *all day*, and then sitting down *the first thing* on getting home, to write you a *letter!* And in half-an-hour I must have a *long talk* with my dressmaker, and my head is *all full besides (!)* with the GOLDBERRY'S grand party *to-morrow night!* Just think of it! Nevertheless, (you good man! are you invited?) I have something to say to you *this very minute*, before I forget it. By-the-way, I saw the *loveliest, sweetest* little pin at BALL & BLACK'S: only *thirty-five dollars*, and before the *war* begun it would have brought *fifty!* That reminds me. Now then, FAIR VANITY—d'ye hear?—I want you to scold the good-for-nothing men, *hard!*—that annoy one so with their eternal *War, War, War!* Why can't they think of *something else*, now and then, *just for a change?* It's no affair of theirs as I can see, as long as they don't go. Things 'll go on just the same, I suppose. We shall have parties, operas, and *everything nice*!—and the naughty soldiers may fight to their heart's content. MINNIE D'ARCIE and I had a good laugh at a friend of ours who read us a lecture on *patriotism*, and said we ought to feel serious. How absurd! What is it to us, I'd like to know? *She* wouldn't feel so if she hadn't *by accident* fallen in love with a young fellow she began to flirt with last winter. *That* shows there's something weak about her. *Do* you think the terrible smell of gunpowder will come as far as New-York? No matter though; we're going to Europe in a few weeks.

Now *do* scold the men, dear Mentor! Don't you think Mr. LINCOLN a dreadful brute? WILHELMINA.

P. S. I *do* so wish you'd stop at BALL & BLACK'S and look at that pin. It's a *perfect beauty.* W.

SYMPATHY.

(A SOLILOQUY BY JOHN BULL.)

Oh! JONATHAN, my dearest friend!
My heart bleeds for your trouble;
Aside.—(But, at the same time, Heaven send
That it may just be double!)

My love towards your country was
A Father's to his daughter;
Aside.—(Yes, I love free Republics, as
Satan loves holy water.)

Ah! it is downright suicide
Your happy land to sever;
Aside.—(God grant the gap may be so wide
That it shall last for ever!)

I wish, my friend, I only knew
How I could mend this matter;
Aside.—(So, twixt you and your rebel crew,
I think I'll aid the latter.)

As neutrals—'tis not fair, I know,
To take part in this tussle;
Aside.—(Therefore, for Traitors I will go,—
Like the *Times'* Mister RUSSELL.)

But, Freedom is so dear to me,
I cannot aid Secession;
Aside.—(Unless my way I clearly see
To profit by Oppression.)

No Slave can breathe where'er my flag
In glory is unfurling;
Aside.—(Unless to fill my cotton bag,
Or bring me in pounds sterling.)

Poor negroes! millions have I spent,
To be their freedom-maker;
Aside.—(The apes! to this day I repent
I ever freed Jamaica.)

How oft for Freedom have I fought,
Led by such men as BROUGHAM!
Aside.—('Twas earnestness, perhaps you thought,
Aha! you didn't know 'em!)

For the Poles too—and Italy—
My *sympathy* how willing!
Aside.—(But when—like France—did they e'er see
Me give one man or shilling?)

No—no—for Freedom you can't show
A tongue more full of honey;
Aside.—(But Freedom mustn't touch, you know,
My cotton or my money!)

Dear JONATHAN! you make me weep;
You fill me with emotion;
Aside.—(Therefore, your flag I'll try to sweep,
By Pirates, from each ocean!)

I hope you'll end, on sea and land,
In quelling this sedition;
Aside.—(And so, I'll help the rebel band
To hurl you to perdition!)

Yes JONATHAN, your cause is just;
You shield your country's glories;
Aside.—(But, soon may she be in the dust—
Ruled by my Lords and Tories!)

A HARD CASE.

Indigent Patriot.—WOT, NOT A SIXPENCE? HERE'S GRATITUDE TO A MAN WHO'S GONE AND LEFT A HOME OF WEALTH AND LUXURY, SOONER NOR FIGHT AGAINST HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG—A SIXPENCE OR—I FLY TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

Tyng-a-ling Tyng.

A TINTINABULATYNG ECHO SONG.

If newspaper reports the truth are stating,
Stay, Tyng!
And list a while to our expostulating,
Lay, Tyng.
Are monkey tricks—low jokes on fine ears grating,
Great, Tyng,
The proper means patriot rage for sating,
Say, Tyng?
In lieu of ribaldry and silly prating,
Pray, Tyng!
Or if you must behave like a bombasting,
Ass, Tyng,
The surplice doff—to where the foe's awaiting
Away, Tyng!
The soldier's trade is one much better suiting
You, Tyng,
Than lowering God's mission and disgusting
Us, Tyng.

The Boston Army Nurses.

Fresh from the Cradle of Liberty, they well know how to minister to the Children in Arms.

Entertainments for the South.

Balls.

GREAT BETHEL.

Because a man is a good lawyer it does not follow that he is a brilliant warrior.

This ought to be generally understood, but really it don't appear to be.

The civilian who supposes that he can creditably command a brigade simply because he has succeeded in pacific pursuits is as absurd as was the circus supernumerary who, having had considerable experience in leading horses into the ring, rashly imagined that he could play "leading business" in a first-class theatre.

We greatly fear that civilians are too conspicuous in this fight. We strongly suspect there are men holding positions as Captains, Majors, &c., who could not systematically capture a hog-pen with a thousand troops, or march a gunsquad through a double barn-door with any degree of martial skill.

Now while these majors and things are making the very horses they ride to blush, thoroughly accomplished officers of the army—gentlemen who have made arms their study from youth—are forced to do duty as lieutenants, when they undoubtedly forget more about war in a short nap than their commanding officers ever knew.

All this may be very fine, but on reflection we have our doubts about it.

Look at Great Bethel—oblige us by looking at Great Bethel. We haven't the slightest idea where it is, since seeing the maps of it in the dailies, but look at it! We see a big thing attempted, which fails. Perhaps it were as well to speak the stern truth and say that it failed miserably. Our men behaved gallantly. Braver hearts never faced a roaring battery. But the leading?

We will not allow the disastrous affair at Bethel to lessen our good opinion of General BUTLER, though his attempt to throw the blame upon poor BENDIX is rather weaker than any boarding-house milk we have lately encountered. Let that pass. Perhaps if his plans had been carried out all would have been well. But Brigadier-General PIERCE—a strict regard for candor compels us to say that PIERCE, considered in a military point of view, is very shaky. For two hours this remarkable Brigadier exposes a large portion of his force to a galling fire, when the utter madness of the thing must have been palpable to the drummers.

Why not faint as another PIERCE is said to have done on a similar occasion?

The best thing for PIERCE to do is to take off his pretty general clothes and enter the ranks as a private. True, he would, when on guard, shoot every man who approached the picket, before commanding the countersign, but the killing of a few dozen men in that way were far better than leading thousands to the slaught

This war is no child's play, and neither children nor old women all lead us to battle. This war is not a fancy review of troops Boston Common nor an exhibition of gold lace and polished sh on steel in Broadway. The people are ready. Never before were they more so. But they want—they must have—they *shall* have competent leaders! So saith VANITY FAIR.

SOUTHERN PRAYERIES.

JEFF. DAVIS is a pious rascal. He goes in for treason and rebellion in the name of the Lord, and would like, no doubt, to see BEAUREGARD fight, and FLOYD steal, and STEPHENS bluster, all to the music of psalms and psalters.

Therefore did JEFF. ordain Thursday, the 14th inst., as a day of Fasting and Prayer, on account of "the manifest evidences of divine favor which have thus far attended the efforts of the people of the Confederacy to maintain, establish and perpetuate public liberty, individual independence; and which demand our devout and heartfelt gratitude."

An excellent idea this, of the Little Rebel Chief. We would suggest to him the propriety of appointing more days of fasting. Prayer will be found less valuable, we apprehend, owing to the fact that none but petitions for righteous causes are efficacious. But when we consider the millions of mouths in the sweet-scented Confederacy that *will* get hungry, and the plentiful lack of provisions wherewith to fill them, it does seem as if fast-days were almost a necessity!

And while we are on the subject, we will put JEFF. up to a new theological dodge—induct him to a new religious wrinkle. The piety of the negro is well-known. There is something in the black hue that attracts devotional fervor as well as heat. Hence, probably, the ministerial custom of wearing none but sable garments. Well, as the slaves are religious by choice, while it goes terribly against the grain with the Southern whites, we wonder that it never occurred to JEFF. to make the niggers do all the fasting and prayer. Five or six good stout field-hands would save, by a day's religious exercises, the provender of an entire white family, and could put up prayers enough to last, with moderate usage, six months. Just now the putting up of pious petitions would be quite as valuable as putting up cotton or tobacco, even pecuniarily considered.

Rhyme and Reason.

Of all the rhymes that rhyme with General PILLOW—
For instance, bill owe and will owe and the other billow and willow—
There's none that goes so well for those who still owe
Treason a grudge as "*guerra al cuchillo*!"

Wail of the Manchester Man.

The glorious Fabric of the United States is in danger.

THE IDOL OF ENGLAND.

CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS.—Great is God Cotton, and great are his Profits.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF WIT.

"He had been a wit in his youth, he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse."—*Lamb.*

In view of the rapidly increasing prevalence of wit, and of its tendency to withdraw the mind from serious contemplations; in view of the great injury its general and unrestrained exercise will be to the great interests of Bridge Building, Phrenology, and the republication of old directories, and also in view of the utter impossibility of coming to any definite conclusion in regard to the end of the world while the mind is distracted by puns—an opposition to these and all other frivolous conceits has been organized, under the title of the "Society for the suppression of wit."

Complain not, oh, man of many puns, of this new reform; for as at one time in the history of the world people became so absurdly good that life lost the flavor of human follies, and the spice of agreeable sins, and a Society for the Suppression of Virtue became a Christian necessity, so now the cultivation of our almost extinct stupidity is a measure of self-protection.

Thank heaven, the minds of great depth and apparent dullness are not *all* gone. Out of the number that present themselves to me, it would be invidious to select examples. There is (Saxe,) the Reformed Punster, who is now to wit what Gough is to intoxication.

To have been merry once or twice ere now, with Justice Shallow, is excusable. But to make a profession of joviality, to go to bed smiling, and get up in a cachinnation, to speak puns only, like the fair maid in the fairy tale, who dropped diamonds with every word, this is to be unnatural and arrogant. What are the works of Rabelais, Hood, Sterne, and the rest but impolite comments on the works of better men? You yourself, Dear VANITY—is not your weekly edition an uncharitable triumph over the pious stupidities of your contemporaries?—Periodicals whose dignity it would be well for you to imitate.

"It is impossible," said my friend LEDDENHEAD," to be at once dignified and witty. Sidney Smith is one proof, and Edward Everett is another."

OFFICIAL REPORT.

April 1, 1861. At the stated meeting of the Society for the suppression of Wit, held at its rooms, the proceedings were formally begun by the reading aloud of the North American Review.

Mr. JINKINS, of the *Times*, begged leave to say a few words. He had heard with great pain the reading of sundry extracts from the North American Review. The Review was a light and frivolous publication, undeserving the attention of this society. For his part, though he could not say the Review was, *strictly speaking*, a humorous periodical, still it wanted weight.

In his hand he held a work of far more dignity. He would not shrink from announcing its name. It was the Life and Times of J. G. Bennett. Careful perusal of this solid volume would encourage solemn reflection. It might cause melancholy, but was *that* an evil? Who dare assert it?

On motion, the Life and Times of J. G. B. was adopted as a text book of the Society.

The following Article of the Constitution, reading thus: "That the members of this Society pledge themselves to abstain from the use of Jokes, to wit:—puns, squibs, sallies, jeu d'esprits, nom de plumes, cracks, and jibes," was amended by the insertion of the word "squirts," after squibs.

Mr. Heavyman, of the *World*, moved that the Society deny the existence of Puns. This would be a fatal blow. Also that it be resolved that "it is an absolute impossibility that there can be any answer to any conundrum whatever." Adopted.

The Committee on Literature reported a resolution announcing the opinion of the Society, that an old almanac has no tendency to inspire mirthfulness, and that Jayne's Alterative Literature may safely be introduced into serious families. Enthusiastically carried.

Mr. Dumble arose with indignation, to say that he had made it his duty to become familiar with those dangerous publications, the Atlantic Monthly, the Knickerbocker, etc. He would move that it be "Resolved: That as Oliver W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, —— Sparrowgrass, and the writers for Vanity Fair, have never been members of this Society for the suppressionn of Wit, they cannot be expelled; that we regret being denied this gratification, and as a substitute exclude them from all future membership." Adopted with cheers.

"Resolved: That no persons shall henceforth be elected active or honorary members of this Society, unless by nature incapable of being witty." Carried.

Resolved: That the following gentlemen are hereby elected Honorary members of this Society, for life, viz.: Rev. John Cummings, Martin Tupper, James Gordon Bennett, Robert Bonner, Edward Everett.

Mr. Bullet claimed the floor. It was the opinion of the eloquent gentleman that the Society should act as well as protest. Energetic measures should be taken to throw ridicule on humorous literature! (Hear! hear!) He had a plan to propose. Let us begin, my friends, by accomplishing the ruin of that sarcastic, aye! that satirical sheet, known as VANITY FAIR, or more popularly as V. F. (Sensation! Sensation!) By the publication of false and pretended jokes in its pages it could be brought into contempt! Therefore, he moved that the following counterfeit jokes, entitled Ha! Ha!, He! He!, Hi! Hi!, and Ho! Ho!, certainly calculated to inspire derision, though to the casual observer they present all the usual appearances of Wit, be copied in a neat mercantile hand, emphasised as is customary with Puns, and no effort spared to secure their publication. With the permission of the Society, he would read them:

Ha! Ha!
Why is a a slander like a monkey's tail?
Because it *lies* behind your back! *Ha! Ha!*

He! He!
When is a door not a door?
Because it is partly open! *He! He!*

Hi! Hi!
What is the weight of a seventy-four gun-ship?
Its anchor, before setting sail! *Hi! Hi!*

Ho! Ho!
Why is a conundrum without an answer, like a man whom no one will invite to his house?
Because it can't be gueste! *Ho! Ho!*

Before voting for this resolution, Mr. DUMBLE wished to be certain that they were not Jokes. They sounded like Jokes, they looked like them—who would assure him that they were not Jokes. Mr. BULLET replied that his Honorable Friend might be positive that they were only imitations. Mr. DUMBLE, though not convinced, would not insist on his doubt.

The President was of opinion that the examples vere incomplete. Hi. He, Ha, and Ho, were there, but where was Hu? Hu! Hu! he regarded as of the utmost value, in regard to their object. Would it not be well to postpone the question till Hu! Hu! had been obtained? Hu! Hu! would probably ruin the wretched paper alluded to at once.

On motion, adjourned till next time.

VICTORIA TO VANITY FAIR.

LONDON, May 15, 1861

DEAR VANITY:—I want an American Organ! not a pipe and stop arrangement—but a newspaper one. Do you want the position? The British Lyons at Washington will arrange with you about the pay. I did send a man over to attend to your affairs, or I got the *Times* to send him, which is the same thing, but he has got into bad company, and the *Times* itself is out of joint, so I find I must manage matters myself. I have been trying to give you a dig or two, with a heavy *Punch* I have over here, but it won't work. It's too dull. So dear V. F. you must assist me. Tell your American People not to mind the belligerent attitude of JOHN RUSSELL. You don't know, JOHN, do you? He is a little fellow, and little men like to talk big words. I'll get PAM to keep him down. I suppose you saw the proclamation I sent over. I gave you a handsome copy in gold letters on satin, PAM wrote it for me. It's all bosh, though: I told PAM to write me something that would keep me out of any scrapes, till I had a good chance to make something by getting in.

My neighbor, the Frenchman, wants me badly to mix in your little fight. I enclose you a note he just sent me, marked—"Private and Confidential."

DEAR VIC:—Now's your chance. Get all the men you can raise. Take them from England, and India and every place else. I'll lend you some ships. Run them to America, and lick both parties and Grow Cotton on your own hook. Don't let the slave question trouble you. You know nobody but slaves can work in a cotton-field, and you know principles of conscience are gammon when interests of pocket conflict with them. Never mind that song of yours about Britains never will be slaves. You know they wouldn't be Britains, only dull, stupid, ignorant niggers. It would be positive charity to let them stay to work for you.

Yours, NAP.

That's a kind suggestion of Mr. LOUIS, but I don't like the source. But the Cotton question must be looked to. We must have cotton, if we have to steal it, but we don't know where to steal it from. The manufacturers require it, and the ladies are imperative in their demands for it. What will I do? Can't you smuggle some over for me? Answer me quick.

Yours,

VICTORIA.

FORAGING PARTY.

Captain.—WHERE AND HOW DID YOU GET POSSESSION OF THAT DOG, SIR?

Private.—WELL, YER SEE, CAP'N, WE WERE SKIRMISHING AROUND THE VILLAGE—AND THAT 'ERE SECESSION DORG RAN ABOUT ME—AND I GRABBED HIM BY THE TAIL—AND—

Cap.—WELL—

Private.—WELL, HE FOLLOWED ME.

TRYING TIMES.

The London *Times*, in a recent editorial in which it displays its athletic English cheek to a degree seldom before witnessed, takes occasion to bully Senator SEWARD in the matter of his letter of instruction to Minister DAYTON, to sneer at the effort the Northern people are making to crush the vile conspiracy of Southern rebels, and to predict a general state of anarchy and ruin on this, our Western continent.

To give the reader some idea of the general intelligence as to our affairs displayed by the *Times* writer we will extract one of his most brilliants bits. "In case the Confederate States are subjugated," says this luminous Briton,

"Is it conceivable that Mr. DAVIS, for instance, or any of the Present Southern leaders, can again take their seats in the Senate, to deliberate with the men of the North on the common interests of the confederacy?"

To which we emphatically respond "sca'cely."

Know, O! man of the turgid and treacherous *Times* that when "Mr. DAVIS or any of the present Southern leaders," come in contact again with "the men of the North," that it will be found to the "common interests of the confederacy" to give them a taste of something not wholly unconnected with gibbet.

This is not a Pug.

There is a certain Colonel SEGAR making himself more or less conspicuous in the Southern rebellion movement.

That person's name is suggestive. It connects itself wfth the probability that the Southern Confederacy is going to end in Smoke.

Dogs of War.

West Pointers.

THE CHARGE ON THE TWELVE HUNDRED,

OR THE

FAIRFAX STAMPEDE.

Twelve hundred "gentlemen," real F. F. V.'s,
Taking at Fairfax their elegant ease,
Early one morning aroused by a drum,
Mustered to slay forty-five of "the scum,"
Daring Twelve Hundred!

What did those fire-eating gentlemen do,
Who were in numbers as fifty to two?
Say did they pitch the vile underbred foe
Straight to the place where the bad people go?
Furious Twelve Hundred!

Oh! not at all, and that wasn't the worst,
Into their camp the vulgarians burst,
This way and that way like centaurs they wheeled.
While from the battle shock helplessly reeled
Treason's Twelve Hundred!

Some of the "heroes" broke cover and fled,
Several who didn't were knocked on the head,
Others caught up by their soap-locks, were borne
Off from the battle-ground captives forlorn,
Hapless Twelve Hundred!

Twenty or thirty were "wiped out," and five
Snaked from the village, much scared, but alive,
What of the rest of those Bayards became
Has not been breathed by the trumpet of Fame,
Ill used Twelve Hundred!

Brave F. F. V.'s how your passions must boil,
Scattered like sheep on that "sacredest soil,"
Upset by "mud-sills," unpedigreed loons,
Twelve hundred licked by a troop of dragoons,
Nonplussed Twelve Hundred!

Henceforth O! "chivalry" be not so proud,
If you *are* panic-proof don't say it loud,
Don't call us Northmen mere "dastardly hordes,"
Think! how from forty-five Northerner's swords
Fled your Twelve Hundred!

Though we may not be all "gentlemen born,"
Don't upon that account laugh us to scorn.
Sufferers, believe us, "elite" of the South,
Often times laugh on the wrong side the mouth,
Ask the Twelve Hundred!

Look at our muscles, all strung for the right,
Look in our eyes full of terrible light;
Though we've no serfs to turn pale at our nod,
Yet we can fight for home, Freedom and God,
Four to One Hundred!

"Couleur Locale."

The Southern ladies see the rebellion all "*couleur de rose*" now. But before very long we fear they will have to view it *couleur de negroes.*

Military Ardor in the Spindle City.

In Lowell, Mass., they are carrying patriotism so far that they even have General Wool manufactories.

Luxuries at the Seat of War.

Broils of the Raw Recruits.

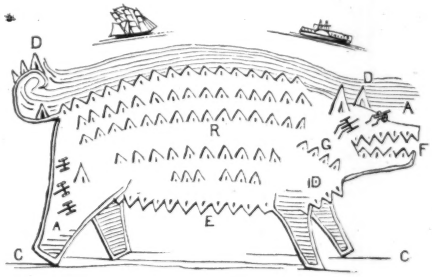
OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP MOSES, Va., June 8th.

DEAR VANITY :—I have crossed the Potomac with my army, and am fairly prepared to do battle with all the rebel hosts in the world, white or black.

I am encamped on a bend in the river, four miles from Alexandria, twelve prolongs from Georgetown, two and a half miles from Boston, and about three hundred rods from Richmond.

As maps are all the fashion now, with newspapers, I may as well give you a map of my camp, generally acknowledged to be rather a big thing on the engineering SNYDER :



A—Batteries, B—Zouave camp,
C—Earthworks, D—Picket tents,
E—Vivandiere camp, F—Staff,
G—Commissariat.

I wished to call this camp after my old friend JOE GARIBALDI, but one of my best officers, who has been reading the Book of Genesis, was so much impressed by the character of the great lawgiver of the Israelites, that he insisted upon naming it "Camp MOSES," and threatened to go over to the rebels if I refused. Rather than lose so valuable a man, I consented.

When any one asks me the origin of the name, I tell him it was conferred in compliment to the Bowery b'hoys, who, I understand, are mostly called "Mose" . . . the Italian for MOSES.

A curious accident happened here last night.

I wanted a thousand picked cavalry to go down the river with me, in gun-boats, on a foraging expedition. While I arranged the boats at the foot of a cliff near the camp, I set the men to drilling on the plain above. The colonel in command ordered a charge, and the whole regiment started at full gallop towards the edge of the bluff. The colonel stuttered . . . he could not say "Halt!" soon enough . . . the men are perfect disciplinarians . . . not one flinched, and over they went, two hundred feet down, upon the boats beneath. As is customary now-a-days, there was nobody hurt, and having steam up, we sailed off down the river as if nothing had happened.

The colonel did not confess that his manœuvre was the result of accident, and rather than wound his feelings, I let it pass with a suggestion that such an embarkation was not to be advised upon all occasions, as it might injure the boats.

At midnight, we reached the spot where we were to land. The enemy were all about us. We debarked, leaped over the Pickets, and rode inland some seventy-five miles, to a farm district where we expected to find a supply of tobacco, horses, naval stores and lumber.

We were attacked on the road by several parties of marines, who directed volleys of submerged fireworks against us, and killed four or five of my men.

Each of us, however, carried a small mortar slung on his back, adapted to throwing half-bricks with astonishing precision. They are the same arms used by LOUIS NAPOLEON, for shooting rabbits at Versailles; and did good execution among the rebels.

A handsome boy of eight years, a bugler of chasseurs, who rode by my side, said triumphantly, "I killed two then . . . I heard 'em squeak!" A smile lit up his fine face, and I wept to think how soon the innocent mirth of childhood would fade from his azure eyes, if a small cannon ball should light between them.

Toward sunrise, we returned with our hands full of stores that we had seized. We came across lots to Camp MOSES, having sent the gun-boat flotilla around by the lakes, to assist Col. PLEASANTON'S Philadelphia Home Guards. When we divided our produce, two barrels of turpentine and a pair of boots fell to my share. Turpentine sells well now in New York, doesn't it?

I have ordained a day of fasting and prayer, and shall have a monument to myself erected in commemoration of this excursion.

Commander-in-chief LINCOLN reviewed my forces this morning, and was excessively pleased with the correctness and promptitude of their movements; especially the retreat in disorder, the defiling of the right flank on the hip, the forming by divisions over the left shoulder, and the double-breasted backward charge. He also expressed himself greatly gratified by their exercises in grammar, and said that the skill they displayed was Parsing strange.

But I don't altogether like ABE'S attitude toward me. I think he is a little jealous of my position, and has a vague idea of putting me out of the way, so that he can get the management of my troops for himself.

I asked my brave Zouaves how they would like another leader. . .

"MCARONE or Death!" they shouted.

"My dear children," I said, "you shall have both!"

They cheered till the welkin, which is close by the camp, rang a good deal.

ABE may simmer down, now.

I find it delightful here, though I presume I shall have to be on the march shortly.

As I write, a pleasant Summer zephyr blows into the windows of my tent, bringing with it the odors of the sea-anemones that grow on the river's bank. BIANCA, in the uniform of LAURA KEENE'S Amazonian Zouaves, sits at my feet, playing on the bandoline, and singing a favorite air of her native village :

"Les garcons SHIFFLER sont sortis ;
Ah-wooh !
Et a se battre ils sont convenus ;
Ah-wooh !
Ah-wooh ! ah-wooh ! ce n'est pas fini,
'FILLMORE et DONELSON' soient crie,
A faire l'honneur au meurtrie,
Ah-wooh, ah-woch, ce n'est pas fini !"

This plaintive melody, with its touchingly heroic words, only known in Italy and Moyamensing, brings a sentiment of delicious languor over my soul, and wafts my senses to cloudland upon the amaranthine wings of delight.

"This world is very beautiful," murmurs BIANCA; and turning her instrument to a more martial strain she dashes into that splendid war-song, that I recommend T. DUNN ENGLISH to translate :

"Du schwice ist blog,
Mit sonderbund von hei,
Und ich bin schlag,
Zu siebenschwei
Boum! boum! boum!" etc.

. . . A lieutenant of mounted infantry has just interrupted the song by rushing in and exclaiming :

"Why are you here?"

I mused awhile.

"Give it up," I said, at length, "BIANCA, child, can you guess it? Why am I here? . . "

"No, no!" cried the lieutenant, excitedly, "I don't mean a conundrum . . . we are attacked . . . the foe, General! they come!"

At this moment I hear the drums beating the *réveille* . . . the signal of a surprise . . .

I go, to lead my men to combat. . .

Let the Southrons tremble!

. . . Firing begins!

BIANCA weeps as she girds on my sword. . .

I continue writing, quite unconcernedly. . .

Au revoir, dear VANITY. My horse is ready, and I must show the rebels that they cannot hope to conquer so long as the Stars and Stripes are upheld by

MCARONE.